

kin all on 'em hol' de own notions.

plum tell Gabriel blow he hawn. En'

"Of course, ma," returned Flora,

"talk," being a wordy man.

"Collect your tools," said the colonel.

"We-II," said Furnival, with deliber-

"and vacate these premises, instanter."

ate utterance, and looking the colonel

short orders to come from anybody but

the owner of this place. My cawntrac'

is with vo' brother Leonard's widow,

"It happens to most of us," said the

want; an' so fur as words air concerned,

I've as good a right to speech as any other

said the colonel, who had not been able.

"Not till I've had my say, by thunder!"

riding whip. "I've got some of the

this proceedin' is a insult to her, I'll re-

'cordin' toe may understandin'."

time I've said it."

you leave-peaceably?"

sent it unto blood."

colonel, in a great rage.

with the match than you be,"

therefor he's my son!"

o, good mornin' to you."

"I'll go when I've had my say, an' not

"Ef you hit me. Col. Thorne," said

Furnival, catching the whip in his mus-

cular hands, "I'll bounce you plum outen

yo' saddle. You got no cause to complain of I take what you fling away; an'

penter walked away, too angry to offer

"Peter," he said, to an old negro wis

MISS ELVIRA'S WAY AND THE COLONEL'S



"Ef you hit me, Col. Thorne," said Furni-

The rain was done next morning; the county equal to Job Furnival; but he sun shone upon Thorne Hill, and the must go, I suppose," mocking birds made a din in the garden thickets; the guinea fowls and the geese and all the denizens of the poultry yard ance the Furnivals now in any way." kept up a cheerful clatter; only the human voice was mute or hushed to a dis- knows how long!" fretted Mrs. Thorne. heartened whisper,

The colonel had his coffee early and after this." rode away; Mrs. Thorne and Flora breakfasted in their own room; thus Miss El- board," Flora suggested. vira and Missy were alone at table. before, devising various plans in her We may as well pack our trunks and go plans was deliberate starvation; but will dismiss Furnival at daybreak towhen morning came she was too hungry morrow, and it will be a mercy if he to carry out this project, so she ate a doesn't blow the man's brains out." good breakfast, thinking to go without

to starving, but appethe had forsaken or less, but he had no intention of soiling her, and having certain plans of her own his hands with the blood of one so much that she was anxious to put in train, she beneath him. He did not consult Mrs. sent Missy away when the meal was Thorne; to what purpose should he do over. With a hundred dollars in gold so, having fully made up his mind? If hidden in her pocket, and a bottle of lini- tifere should be a suit for breach of con-Miss Elvira set out for old Gilbert's cal- expenses; but he did not wish any dis-She could have sent for old Gilbert cussion of the subject; he was accusto come to her, but that would have tomed to give orders and to be obeyed, given publicity to the step she contem- and Furnival must go. plated. Lifting her dainty skirts with great painstaking, she tiptoed around the dawn as impetuously as Nicholas had puddles in the lane through which old ridden away in the rainy night. The sun Gilbert had bravely splashed the dark was just rising, and work had barely night before, with Missy on his back, begun, when he entered the gate at Mrs. She was a little exhausted when she ar- Thorne's place. rived at the end of her journey.

Old Gilbert was in his garden, where the magnolia tree in front of the house. all things flourished greenly. To fore- The news concerning Nicholas had not stall the products of the "gret-house gar- yet traveled beyond Thorne Hill, but den" was one of the aims of his exist-

"Gilbert! Gilbert!" Miss Elvira called the secret was out. He extinguished faintly; she was leaning over the gate, I his pipe forthwith, and prepared for which she found hard to open.

"Dat pesky gate agin!" exclaimed old Gilbert, hastening forward. "Hopes 1 | tingly; he dish't intend to have a "row," see you well dis mornin', Missle-virey." I if it could be helped. "I am very well, thank you, Gilbert," Miss Elvira answered bravely. She had with a vigorous sweep of his right arm, not slept all night, and she looked old and ill, as Gilbert plainly saw,

"Seddown here, Missle-virey, in de shade of desc pammy-christies." he said, straight in the eyes, "them is pretty wiping with his sleeve the rude block that did duty for a bench.

Miss Elvira sat down, glad to rest.

" How is your rheumstism Gilbert?" she asked, with gentle interest,

Old Gilbert made a wry face; his rheumatism was none the better for his orders." tramp in the rain; it was promptly the worse for Miss Elvira's sympathy. HIII kinder-gits-me wid a stitch-in de holler of de back-now en' agin." he said with expressive jerks and pauses.

"I've brought you a liniment that is considered very efficacious," said Miss all because yo' son Nick has made a durn Elvira, in her soft, plaintive voice and fool of himself, an' this ain't the fust choice language, as she offered the big black bottle. Miss Elvira would no more have gone to old Gilbert's cabin without her "free will offering" than old Gilbert | for gathering rage, to interrupt, "Will would have gone to the "gret house" without his little complement of eggs or vegetables, or the like.

The old man took the bottle with a smile of supreme satisfaction; he loved gedly, just within reach of the colonel's "doctorments." Pulling out the stopper with a critical air, "Hit got a stren'th, tubbe shot" he declared, approvingly. anankee, ma'am; tnankee, Missle-virey.

I gwan give 'em a trial." Miss Elvira's eves meantime traveled slowly round the little garden, as if in search of something. She missed Nicholas in everything she saw, "I suppose you've heard what has happened, Gilbert?" she said, with a tremor in her

"Yes, Missle-virey," old Gilbert sighed, and hung his head.

"Nicholas," she proceeded more steadily, "has disgraced his family; he has brought condemnation upon himself-Old Gilbert stood respectfully silent.

"There is no help," faltered Miss El-

Still old Gilbert was silent.

"It were better that he were dead! she exclaimed, with a passionate sob. "Don't seh dat, Missle-virey, honey expostulated old Clubert, laying his toil hardened hand on her sleeve. "Fur dem we loves ter be dead hit's a mighty set-

"So is marriage," said Miss Elvira inexorably. "He is worse than dead to us him; hows'ever, she's my daughter, an' -he is lost. But Nicholas cannot do without clothes-and"-

"I got his trank safe en' sound, Missie

"You did right. Glory-Ann told me I want you to take the ox cart and carry that trunk to Nicholas. And he will be wanting money, so you can give him this hundred dollars. I'll send you a pass to-picht."

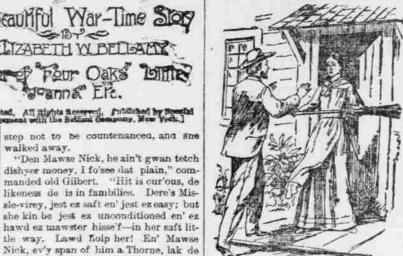
"Any letter, Missle-virey?" old Gilbert suggested, clesing both hands over the money. "Nor nire a message"

"No," said Miss Elvira, and turned her back. She could not thrust Nicholas from her heart, but she had no more idea of recalling him again into favor,

yet, in spite of it, he felt beaten, and he rode homeward, moody and bitter, with

CHAPTER XI.

MISS ROXANNA MAKES UP HER MIND.



res' on 'em; en' dat Missy de same; de "Land alive! Nick Thorne!" With the hot blood of the Thornes surghit ain't Mr. Job Furnival what'll git ter ing in his veins, Nicholas left his father's finish Miss Pauline house; I fo'see dat house, reckless of the driving rain; and when the rain ceased, at dawn, he had Mrs. Leonard herself understood this come to that sorry little unpainted house, perfectly the moment-she comprehended in the corner of the field, on the edge of that Nicholas was married to Job Furni-Eden, his horse flecked with foam, himval's daughter. "Whatever happens, I self drenched with the storm.

am the one to suffer," she complained A bird was singing in the blooming elder bush that grew near one of the to Flora that night when they were alone, "There's no builder in all Leon windows; it was Dosia's window, that looked toward Leon county. There were no blinds, and presently the white curtains were drawn aside and Dosia appromptly. "None of us can countenpeared; the small, square, high set window framed her like an old fashioned "And my house at a standstill, heaven portrait. Well might the carpenter boast of his daughter's beauty! It was of a type that needed no adorning; and Do-"And it is going to be so unpleasant here sia, as she stood in the window, was none "We might go up to Tallahassee and the less an exquisite picture that her black dress was so severely simple. Her "Board! Nobody who is anybody ever luxuriant dark hair clustered in little Missy had lain awake an hour the night boards, Flora. I am surprised at you. rings over her low, fair forehead and around her shoulders, a graceful riot of poor little brain to induce her father to north for the rest of the summer. The curls. There was a smile wistful and recall "Brer Nicholas," and one of these colonel won't consuit me, of course. He tender, on her perfect mouth, and a far away look in her splendid eyes, that ignored the near surroundings and pierced the distance with the soul's vision,

But there was not so much danger of Out of sight, behind the screen of this as Mrs. Thorne fancied. The colonel dripping elder bushes, Nicholas beheld Miss Elvira had made no resolution as held that Furnival was to blame, more this benediction in his young wife's eves, and tears blinded him. "Ah, dear and beautiful and good!" he sighed. "Little do they dream what an angel they scorn in you! If they only knew you! But they will not! And so farewell to them: henceforth I have only Dosia, dearest ment carried conspicuously in her hand, tract, of course he himself would defray and best! And to what a fate have I compelled you, unworthy that I am! Like the unjust steward, 'I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.' But happiness yet is mine, and I can neither repine nor

The colonel rode away in the early Dosia shut the window, and Nicholas, dashing away his tears, rode around the corner of the field to the front of the

"Now, how shall I ask for her, at this Furnival was smoking his pipe under without a certain sense of amusement. Rigid, knows nothing of our marriage. The old Methodist minister who per-Furnival knew, as soon as he caught sight of the colonel's black frown, that formed the ceremony is somewhere is away-and he'll be invited, within another hour, to knock off work at my "Mornin', colonel," he said ingratia- aunt's, I'll bet my life!"

Dosia's cousin, or, to be more exact, her mother's cousin, Roxanna White, was one of those women providentially left, for the convenience of others, with- father's clothes," said Dosia. out settled habitation. Fortunately she had no objection to "living around;" she liked change. She had nursed Dosia's mother in her last illness, and she re- of the "situation." mained with Dosia now, in her loneliness, not unwillingly, for she was far Job Furnival would be seeking consola-"I want no words with you, sir," said tion; she ate no idle bread, and Job might vet learn her value.

the colonel. "Your place is to obey Roxanna, according to her wont, was up betimes this morning, and having browbeaten the hired negress who did the carpenter, coolly, "to git what we don't cooking, she bounced out of the front door, broom in hand, to sweep the front porch, just as Nicholas Thorne came up son of Adam. I mought ask what ails the the steps

job? But I know very well, colonel, it's A tall, strong, gaunt woman was Roxanna, in whom hard work and meager fare had left scarce a trace of the buxon "Nobody asked your opinion, sir," beauty that had distinguished her youth. In her dress, narrow and short, there was no effort at adornment. "Them as

likes may put in their eight or nine breadths," Miss Roxanna was accusetorted Furnival, putting his hands in tomed to say, "but four is plenty fur his pockets and planting himself dogany mortal woman, an' mo' convenient to pocket an' backbone." No ruffles, no tucks, no manner of superfluities for her. with his teeth, and smelling the contents | feelin's of a payrent myself, though they | Her only varity was her hair, which still don't take the same track in me as it retained its color and its gloss. She had pears they do in you. My girl Dosia is tied a towel over her head to protect it a good girl, and as pretty as aire Thorne | from the dust; but truly the dust might ver I sot eyes on; an' so fur forth as hardly reach her head, so high it was above her broom.

Now, Miss Roxanna White had never "You've been drinking, sir," said the approved of the admiration Nicholas olonel, in a great rage.

"No, sir," returned Furnival, parestof the opinion that it would never do to thetically; "I'm a son of temperance- have this young sprig of quality hanging to please Dosia. She'll make Nick around a girl whose mother was dead, Thorne a better wife than he deserves." and whose father was away. She would The colonel urged his horse a step have liked to sweep Col. Thorne's son off nearer; but Furnival did not flinch, the porch, with the two or three leaves neither did he hesitate in his deliberate she espied upon the floor; but as she could not do this, she towered in the "Hows'ever, as I war a-sayin'," he con- doorway, and held her broom crosswise, tinued, "so fur forth as this proceedin' is as she exclaimed, forbiddingly: "Land a holding of me to account, I'm free to alive! Nick Thorne! What brung you justify mywelf; an' I tell you, right now here this time o'day, befo' even the cows an right here, I ain't no better pleased is milked?" And to herself she thought, "I've writ that aunt o' his'n a warnin';

'Will you go?" cried the colonel, furi- why ain't she fitten to keep him home?" Nicholas laughed; the fuu of the situation was irresistible; it made him, for a minute sconer. I told you, a while ago, the moment, oblivious of its tragic asthat Nick had made a blamed fool of pect. "I've come for my wife," he said, himself, but for that matter, I'm free to and turned suddenly sober and scarlet declare, Dosia is a blameder fool than with the humilisting reflection that he

was seeking shelter, not offering it. "Land o' Goshenf" exclaimed Miss "You insolent, prating jackanapes!" White, irutely. "Why ain't ye mo' reshouted the colonel, blind with rage, as spect fur yo's periors in age and wisdom, be raised his riding whip in act to strike. boy? I'm s'prised at ye; an' I dunno why I should be, neither. I don' want

no nonsense here. Git out?" "I tell you Dosta is my wife," said Nicholas gravely. "We were married by old Mr. Drummend, in her mother's presence, two days before Mrs. Furnival

As Furnival let go the whip the col- died.' Miss Winte's sallow face underwent a onel's horse reared and plunged, throwing his rider into the dust; but the car- variety of contoctions; she nearly swallowed the little bit of athea stock with which she had been taking her morning "dip," and which she habitually earned was mixing mortar on the other side of in her mouth; the broom clattered from of excusing or condoning his marriage. the house, "go pick up Col. Thorne, whar her grasp, as her hands hung down than had Col. Thorne himself; it was a his hawse throwed him, out render." helplessly. She understood now why

Thus Col. Thorne had had his way; she had been sent to visit a relation six heavy covered basket, under the weight miles distant, just two days before Mrs. Furnival died. "Wha - what?" she gasped. Then, under strong conviction, she lifted her right arm straight-it near ly touched the lintel-and said, with strong emphasis, "I'll bet my ultimate picayune the colonel ain't consentin',"

"Never you mind the colonel," said Nicholas, shortly. "I must see Dosia." Dosia had heard his voice; she camout into the little entry that divided the rooms, and stood there, pale and trem-

"Dosin! Dosin!" cried Nicholas, wildly, as he pushed past the demoralized spinster; and the next instant she was in his arms.

"Dosia," said Miss White, hoarsely, "vou're a cawnsistent member of the Methodis' chu'ch, an' so fur fo'th ez I know, you ain't had naire a fall from grace; ef you say hit's true that ye air married, ez he tells-beside Cousin Mandy's bed o' death-I'll believe it."

"It is true," said Dosia, with smiles and tears and blushes. Miss White picked up her broom and

went to sweeping off the porch. She made two comments mentally, one in reference to Dosia's mother, the other to Dosia's father: "She must a-turned plum" fool befo' she died;" and, "he's got 'em to tote, I see." Nicholas and Dosia sat down on the

long wooden bench that constituted the only furnishing of the little passage. Miss White, glancing over her shoulder, saw them there, and she immediately slammed the front door. "You've been in the rain," said Dosia,

accustomed all her life to consider others,

"How wet your clothes are! You must

have ridden all night." "I did," Nicholas answered, with a dark frown; then, with a burst of bitter laughter: "Have you any clothes, Dosia? I don't know that I have any, unless I've left a few scattering about Sunrise plantation that I may lay claim to.'

"Your father has?"-Dosia faltered, "My father has"-responded Nicholas, indicating with a wave of his hand that words would not express the sentence passed upon him.

Dosia sat silent and stunned, clinging to his arm; for herself it did not matter; but for Nicholas-it seemed at the moment more than she could bear. "My whole fortune," said Nicholas,

with covert bitterness, "consists in my horse and my watch; we'll sell these, Dosia, and defy the world," "I have done you a great wrong," she whispered.

"You've done yourself a great wrong, it may be, dear heart," said Nicholas. "But at least we have each other. Oh, Dosia! Dosia! my wife! If they only knew you, Dosia, my saint! There is nobody like you. You had faith in me, and you saved me. Compared with you, what are they ail? Henceforth I live only for you. Missy, Missy alone"- he faltered. "Poor little sister! she has not cast me off! How she cried to me, through the rainy darkness, to take her with me! I seemed to hear her every mile of the way! I'm 'an exile from home,' and all that, you know. Ah, no, no!" he amended, quickly, as Dosia sobbed aloud, "How hour of the morning?" he pondered, not could I say that, my dearest and best? You are my home. Dosia, Dosia, look Her excellent cousin, Roxanna the at me with your heavenly eyes; sayfyou love me; say you believe in me!"

And Dosia looked : him. She did not speak, but she smiled through her tears; Georgia; her mother is dead; her father and then she drew away from him and "You are going to pray over the 'situ-

> ation,' Dosia, you know you are; my beautiful saint!" cried Nicholas, with a smile of reverent admiration. "I am going to find you some of my

"Good wife! You are better than any fortune." Nicholas declared; and he laughed. He was very happy, in spite

Miss White had finished sweeping and left the porch. She had no grace of seeing, and the day might come when manner, but she was by no means devoid of grace of heart. That this marrings was a wretched business, a miserable blunder, was an opinion fire would not melt out of her; nevertheless, she had no thought of refusing Job Furnival, when the time should come, and she was entirely willing to spend herself in helping to take care of the foolish young couple. She had slammed the door, not in wrath, but solely by way of giving them to understand that she meant to leave them untrammeled enjoyment of their Fool's Paradise; and she now considerately avoided returning to the house to put away her broom, but went round the kitchen to get Nicholas a cup of

"He's next do' to a fool. I deem." grumbled she: "but that ain't no reason why he should perish unto my hans; 'n if he don't git somethin' hot inside him, after that ride all night in the rain, he'll be laid up agin with that stole in his lung. If 'taint his lung, leastwise 'twas mighty close. Hit would be a mercy o' the Lawd, an' a jedgement, if he was to drap off suddent, an spite the colonel to conversion; but 'tain't none o' my business to hurry his end by goin' beginst my lights to neglect him.

So Miss White made Nicholas drink the coffee scalding hot, and then she departed to spread the news, that being the sole satisfaction she could derive from

Two hours later she returned in better neart. "Dosia," she said, cheerfully "I'm a-goin' to stir up a poun' cake. It don't seem proper, nur 'cordin' to nature, not to have somethin' to give a feature to matrimony."

> CHAPTER XII. COMPLIMENTS PASS.



And stole softly and swiftly down stairs. It was Miss Elvira's wish that Gilbert should depart on his mission without the knowledge of the rest of the world at Thorne Hill: therefore she herself took him his "pass" in the dark of the evenhelplessly. She understood now why ling, stenling out of the house with a

of which she could hardly stagger.

"I've brought you your pass, Gilbert, she panted; "and some previsions. You are to return to-morrow and bring word, you know. Be sure you put some provender in the cart for the ox." of the Thorne Hill oxen should be fed from the Furnival corn crib was ignominv not to be endured.

'I gwan do dat!" old Gilbert assured her. He held the same views that Miss Elvira held in regard to the feeding of the Thorne Hill oxen; and furthermore, he thought, "Is I gwan resk old Brandy on mouldy nubbins?

"And, Gilbert," said Miss Elvira, coming back after she had started away, as what she had to say was an afterthought and not a deliberately premeditated design, "if Nicholas should take a fancy to-anything in the basket, you needn't bring back the jars."

"Yes, ma'am," said old Gilbert, with stolid gravity; but he doubled over with a smothered chuckle when Miss Elvira vas gone. "Is she clean plum' furgot Mawse Nick is a bawn Thorne? He ain't gwan tetch dat basket; but I gwan haul it ies' de same.'

Now Missy, hidden in the clump of Palma Christi that ornamented the front whole of the conference between these two. When it was concluded she crept out and hurried to the house, over the garden fence, fired with the wild resolve to run away with old Gilbert and join her brother. She made up a small bundle of her clothing and hid it under the wardrobe, and when she went down to tea she secreted a biscuit by way of pro vision for her breakfast. Her next idea was to lie awake all night in order to rise with the dawn on the morrow, to which end she insisted upon hearing Glory-Ann's whole repertoire of zoological leg ends; but in spite of this, Missy slept the sleep of a tired child. When she awoke the glimmer of the dawn was in the east and Glory-Ann was snoring on her pal-

Missy sprang up. She had to dress herself, which she never yet had done. It was an ardnous undertaking, but at last it was accomplished. Her shoes and stockings she took in her hands, with her little bundle, and stole softly and swiftly down stairs. As she could not unlock the hall door, she climbed out of one of the dining room windows, and ran down the lane to old Gilbert's cabin. Alack! it was shut fast, and the ox cart was not under the shed.

When Missy comprehended that old Gilbert was gone, she threw herself on the ground with a scream of rage and disappointment; but presently she reflected that if this attempt at flight should be discovered, every possible means would be taken to prevent her putting her intention into execution on any future occasion that might offer perhaps even she might be locked up and fed on bread and water, like a little girl in a story she had read; and however decided Missy might be as to dving of starvation, the had no mind to live on bread and water; so she made haste back to the house, and was lucky to get in unseen

Glory-Ann was still snoring, and Missy stuffed her bundle under the wardrobe again, tore off her clothes, and curled herself up in bed.

It was a mystery Mom Bee was never able to explain how Missy's clothes came to be scattered all over the room; but she had her suspicions, when, a few hours later, she discovered the bundle under the wardrobe.

"Who in de lan' put dis here?" she in-

"What fur, I'd lak ter know?" "Cause." And no coaxing could make Missy say further,

Meanwhile old Gilbert pursued his ne essayed to sing, for his comfort:

I'm a trav'lin' de hebenly road; but he ended with a sigh, and drove on, Toward sundown Miss Royanna White

sitting on the top step of the porch, and enjoying her evening "dip" in solitude, espied the ox cart coming along the road. In that primitive and secluded hamlet the passage of an ox cart was an exciting event. Miss White watched it with an interest that was almost breathless. It seemed too good to be true that this cart, with the strong, black or and the very respectable old negro driver, was actually going to stop before the house where, for the time being, she had her abiding place.

"Whose ole nigger are you?" she demanded, in shrill excitement, as Gilbert dismounted.

"I is Gilbert, ma'am; Kernel Thorne's man Gilbert, fum over in Leon," he responded, removing his hat and bowing

"In the name o' peace an' plenty!" exclaimed Roxanna, rising to the full extent of her numerous inches, and peering at the cart from the height of the top "Brought Nick Thorne's trunk,

"Yes, mistis." "Well, 'tain't no mo'n simple justice, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin'; but as a officer o' justice, you're powerful laggard in ye movements. Whyn't ye come a

qualified, ma'am," old Gilbert explained, deferentially.

"An' you come too late: Nick Thorne ain't cher," Miss White announced, com-

Old Gilbert stood agape and stupefied. "Whey-whey he den, mistis?" he stam-

to Sunrise plantation yestiddy, two hours be sun, an', as I hear tell, he sof that black have o' his'n to the overseer fur a hund'ed an' fifty, which it was wuth five hundled, if it was wuth a dime; an' he come back with Johnson's rickety ole buggy an' blin' mare, an' this mawnin'. by daybreak, him an' Dosia tuk up their line o' march to seek their fortune, I s'pose. They am't said naire word to

"That's mo'n I kin tell. He kited off

they'd fir? But whar they'll light I don't undertake to prophesy. All I know is, they're gone, an' I'm left alone here, lak a sparrer on the housetop, or mo' lakly, a suzzard on a rail-consid-Tubbe shof old Gilbert euculated. right and he looked to the left, up at the fool

with polite assent. He looked to the sirvand down at the ground, rubbing his forehead with his borny forefinger. What I gwan do, nex? he sighed. You kin carry that trunk back, an

wait fur cocasion," said Miss White. It's a mighty feelish business, this marrwin' thout security fur meat 'n bread; out cussin' won't mend it none, an' you kin tell Colonel Thorne I sesso.

"Dullaw, mistis!" said old Gilbert, with uplifted hand. "I wouldn't so much ez name Mawse Nick to mawster-not fur freedom!" Miss White eackled harshiv.

Gilbert, recalling Miss Elvira's instructions as to the contents of the provision basket, thought that it might be well to make a propitiatory offering to this severe giantess, who seemed somehow to be linked with his young master's fate.

"Dev is a little matter o' gnodies out yander in de cyart," he said, with hesitating humility; "mebbe you mought lak ter tas' 'em?

Miss White spat viciously. "No thankee," said she. "They'd sour on my stomik.

"You mought set 'em aside ontel Mawse Nick come back," old Gilbert suggested, timidly.

"He ain't a-comin' back!" Miss White leclared, with decision so energetic that old Gilbert's heart sank with the fear that his young master was turned out of doors on all sides, "En' me a-countin' on old Mawse Job Furnival ter tek care on him," thought the old negro, sadly, as he stood twirling his hat, and casting furtive glances at the inexorable Amaof old Gilbert's garden, had I urd the | zon on the doorstep; but Miss White had said her say, and was silent.

At last he turned to go. "I wish you well, ma'am," he said; "en' I'm 'bleeged

'You're welcome," said Roxanna "Though what you got to be thankin' me is mo'n I kin see."

CHAPTER XIII.

LABOR IN VAIN.

Silence and gloom had settled upon Thorne Hill. Tom Quash no longer picked the banjo in his moments of idleness; Griffin Jim rattled the bones no more when work was done; Amity ceased her capering to the tinkling of the goard fiddle, and the talk in the kitchen was hushed: it was as if Mawse Nicholas had died. Mrs. Leonard and Miss Elvira instinctively shunned each other; Flora forsook the piano, and Missy suited in corners; but the colonel herd his head higher than ever, hiding his mortification under a cloak of pride and silence

that forbade sympathy. No one named Nicholas; even Missy, though her heart clamored for her brother, found her tongue refuse its office in presence of her stern father. The child understood intuitively something of the fierce tumult that raged in the colonel's breast. A great awe, not of her father, out of what he suffered, took possession of her, and compelled her to silence: but her sole object in life now was to follow her brother. To Missy this seemed an easy undertaking if she could only get away from Thorne Hill; but she was afraid to venture alone any further than th big gate at the end of the avenue. Here she sat gazing wistfully through the bars, and hating herself for cowardice, on the morning of the day that old Gilbert was ourney sadly. Once in the silent woods returning from his bootless errand, here had she been ever since breakfast, and it was now nearly eleven o'clock; but she had not yet made up her mind to venture outside, when she espied a carriage coming along the road. This night created a sudden diversion in Missy's latter thoughts

"It's Cousin Myrtidlaf" she exclaimed aloud. "She's brought Lottie and Bess!" A vision of wild frohe down by the spring rioted in Missy's brain, as up she jumped to open the gate; but when the carriage passed through only Cousin Myrtifla looked from the window.

"You didn't bring Lottle and Bess?" cried Missy, in deep repreach. "Well, no. I didn't," said Mrs. Herry

Came off in such a swivet. Never mind, bring 'em pext time. Open the door, Larkin," she commanded the driver, 'and let me take this child m.

Missy made no objection. She was fond of her Cousin Myrtilla, and she admired that lady's showy dress. Suchbeautiful pink evacuaths within the bonnet brim that framed the faded eid face, such lovely yellow roses outside; such a bewildering lilac organdic, with its tumulturus puffs and frills; and those purple shoes! How Missy wished for a pair just like them! But these pomps and vanities soon palled, and Missy's thoughts reverted to her trouble. "Brer Nicholas is gone away?" she said abruptly. "He's married to Dosia Furnival, and he can't never come home no mo"." And Missy

began to cry. This was no news to Mrs. Herry; she had learned all about it. "Tut! tut!" she "Who says he'll never come home Mild. again? Don't cry; I am going to see what

can be done about it." This consoled Missy, and by the time the carriage arrived at the house she was quite cheeriol again. "Cousin Myrtilla is come! Cousin Myrtiffa is here!" she announced, joyfully rushing into her aunt's presence; and Miss Elvira, in the fond belief that Cousin Myrtilla would prove a tower of strength, hastened to the parier.

"Oh, cousin!" she said with tears, "you've come to a house of monrhing." Now, Eivira," remonstrated Mrs. Herry, "why should you talk as if Nicholas were dead?"

"It is werse than death!" eighed Miss

Elvira. "My poor brother!" me. They're a pair o' turkle doves, to-"Well, yes," said Mrs. Herry, with an e-shore: what kin you expect but what answering sigh. Her son also-an only child-had not been a credit to the family; neither had he married acceptably; but Count Myrtflia had overlived all that and today was fat and resy and happy. "And I suppose Jasper Thorne is doing all he can to make things worse with his stiffneckedness, and thinking himself a philosopher when he is only a

> "Oh!" Miss Elviro said represchfully. "Twe known him, my dear," coninued Mrs. Herry, "man and buy; I've known Jusper more than forly yours. He never won wrong in lds life.

Miss Elvira looked heedlidered. "But I came here to talk to him an

about him. I've a message for my cousin, the colonel. "Oh," stammered Miss Elvira; "if it's

about Nicholas, I'm afraid"-'It is about Nicholas, and I am not a bit afraid," Mrs. Herry declared, stoutly, "You miserable coward, Elvira; just because Jusper Thorne has heavy eyebrowa and a high and mighty air, you don't dare hold an independent opinion. Go, call your brother; I have that to say to

him it is best he should hear." Miss Elvira obeyed; that is, she sent Missy to tell Glory-Ann to tell Griffin Jim to tell Tom Quash to hunt up the colonel, and bear him the information that Mrs. Herry wished to see him.

The colonel made no delay in answering the summons, but he was very ceremonious in his greeting; he overdid everything now in his desire to appear

Mrs. Herry, however, had not known him so many years to be easily decrived, "It will kill him," she said to herself, "unless he can be persuaded to reconciliation." Then she spoke out: "Cousin Jasper, there's no need for

pretension between you and me. I'm older than you are, and I've seen trouble with a son of my own. It is best to look things squarely in the face. Nicholas has made an unfortunate marriage, "Madam!" said the colonel, in a deep

and angry voice, with a hand uplifted in protest. His face had turned a chastly pallor that made his black brows look blacker than ever, underneath which his eyes gleamed like lightning.

Missy, who had refused to be sent away, sat gazing at him, fascinated; and Miss Elvira shrank visibly; but Mrs. Herry never faltered. "Dosia will make him a good wife," she proceeded, in a calm and even voice; "she would make you a good dangister, if"-

"Never!" shouted the colonel. He seemed to wish to say more, but speech failed him.

"None of us, indeed, would have chosen her for Nicholas," Mrs. Herry continued; "but she is a good girl, and all this is something for you to consider and be thankful for. Life has more remunerative work to offer than mirsing a wrong, and Nicholas isn't alone to

"Will you oblige me," the colonel interrupted coldly, "by talking of some-

"No," said Mrs. Herry, with heat; "I've nothing else to talk of, and I've yet more to say. Nicholas is at my house, "I will receive no embassy!" the colonel declared. "Don't you know your own flesh and

blood better than that?" exclaimed Mrs.

Herry, impatiently. "Nick is a Thorne, every inch of him. He'll make no overtures. He has married the girl he loves, and he is insanely happy, poor fool; but -he is desperately iti. Miss Elvira clasped her bands, but ut-

"He is desperately ill," Mrs. Herry repeated. "He rode all night in the rain; and exposure, fatigue and excitement

have told on him. Nicholas is very ill." Missy burst out crying. "I want to go ome with Comen Myrtilla!" she walled. Except for this there was a dead silence. The colonel thought his son's illness a ruse. "That man, or that woman," said be, after a long pause, "who

harbors him is no friend of mine. "As you please," said Mrs. Herry, ris-"He is your only son; you cannot take away his name, nor his blood. And as for me I can get on without you. Col. Thorne. My house is my own, and Pil entertain whom I see fit." She was horoughly angry now. "If your brother did but know it." turning to Miss Elvira, the only thing to do now is to forgive Nick's marriage. Let him try the other way, that a all! But he ought to remember that he is not blameless himself. He has always worked wrong with poor Nick, keeping him as a frowning distance, when he night to have grappled him close; banishing him to that Sunrise Plantation, when he ought to have had him here at home. It isn't Nicholas thut

Hut the colonel did not lear all this; he had left the room in great wrath, and Mrs. Herry, overcome by indignant sorrow, and vexed at her defeat, declared that she would not remain a moment

"I am going back to that poor key," "You may call it a weakness, if you like, but thankful am I that I forgave my son. I've gotten more good out f that, Elvira, than ever you'll get out f Bishop Ken."

And Mrs. Herry departed. Missy, at least, had derived some comfort from this wint; to know that her brother was at Consin Myrtilla's was to feel him near-within reach. Though he was ill, he need not die, and some day she could go to see Lottie and Bess-and, nce there, what could hinder her stayg forever with Bree Nicholas?

colonel returned to the parior when Mrs. Herry's carriage had disappeared, and said, sternly: "Elvira, you will oblige me by ceasing from this time forth to held any communication whatever with Mrs. Herry

But, also for this cheering hope! the

and any of her family. For sevelf news will I cross her threshold again, save in case of same calamity. 'And that means I am not to play with

Lettle and Been any more?" wailed Missy. The colonel signed bitterly. He full simped a deeply injured mag. He s is connotely corry for Missy's smillion disapporatment regarding her playmented but what was that compared with his angulated. Yet nothedly realized his poition, nobody considered his wounde

To be Continued.

Overheard at the Capital. It is odd how standards of criticism liffer. A young man who was inspecting the signatures to the Declaration of independence that hauge in the state department was heard to remark:

'Humph! If I had been some of these fellows, and couldn't write any better, I'd have gone to a business college: Washington Post.

An Amendment.

Cedric's mother was a New Yorker, out Cedric himself was born in Boston. "Cedzic, you are a naughty key; you

rant a licking," said she.
"No, mother," returned the child, bravely, "I may need chactment, but I do not want it."-Harper's East.

An Impulry. "Mamma," said Miss Gillion, "I have, noticed a peculiar ring to Herbert's veloc

when he speaks to mi-Observe carefully and see whether it bears any resemblance to six engagement ring "-Westington Post.